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The Daily Bulletin.

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1886.

AT IT AGAIN.

Our morning contemporary is on the rampage again. A leopard cannot change his spots. The most he can do is to daub them over, and temporarily conceal them from view. But they are bound to crop out again. It is in the nature of our contemporary to misrepresent and falsify. He cannot help it. It is his misfortune. Contrary to his assertion, our lot is a happy one. We owe nobody anything that we cannot pay at five minutes' notice. We are in the clutches of nobody. We form our own opinions and follow our own inclinations. We have not to run around the corner or up to the Government house to consult this one or that, as to what we shall say or shall not say. We can afford to report public affairs as we see and hear them, without the addition or omission of coloring, to suit one interest or detract from another. We have no favors to ask from any party, and no frowns to fear. We are in search of no position, either for ourselves or friends. We are independent of parties and of the country, and can pack up and leave if so inclined. Our lot is "a happy one." We do not "object to change unless it is suggested by ourselves." If changes are made for the better, and the public welfare is enhanced thereby, we are perfectly satisfied, by whomsoever suggested, even if by a street-sweeper or a mule-driver. It is all the same to us. We estimate the "suggestion" by its merit, and not its author. Naturally, we object to changes that are not "in accord with our own views." Because our "own views" we honestly believe to be correct, and what is antagonistic thereto incorrect. The *Advertiser*, if honest, holds a similar position for itself. Surely our contemporary will concede us the right to our own convictions. Our "views" may be wrong. But they have not yet been shown to our satisfaction to be so, and until the *Advertiser* or someone else succeeds in convincing us that we have been mistaken we shall hold to them as right. We did not need informing that our "views are usually treated with contempt" by the governing faction. So much the worse for the governing faction. Men of sense and reason would benefit by them. If they did not endorse, they would calmly examine and weigh them, finding something which, if acted upon, would have saved them from some stupid blunders. Sir Walter Scott, a wise and learned man, once said in answer to the question, "How is it that you have acquired such a large fund of varied and useful knowledge?" "I never disdain to listen to the lowest beggar in the street, and I never meet a beggar that could not teach me something." But our great men are not Sir Walter Scotts. Quoting from "a great newspaper," but making a different application, our great men are "too conceited and obtuse" to avail themselves of useful matter that a wise man might occasionally glean from the columns of the "Opposition press." Perhaps "changes are made from time to time in the interest of the public service," but more frequently in the interest of private individuals and political supporters, to the detriment of the "public service." No doubt, to the *Advertiser*, it would be "satisfactory to know and understand that what the Opposition organs condemn is generally approved by the public," but our contemporary does not "know" that, for it cannot possibly know what is not. Although he does know that this little independent journal is the favorite of the people, because its utterances are in accord with public sentiment; while the "great newspaper" is confined to a limited circulation, because the public senti-

ment is averse to its policy. It would be strange indeed if the public patronized a journal opposed to its sentiment in preference to an organ that voiced its views! The truth is reached by a change of the sentence so as to read, "what the Opposition organs condemn is generally condemned by the public." We would be thankful indeed to know "that this country has ceased to be an experimental political farm for a few governing families."

This is precisely the thing we have longed and pleaded for, but have seen the "few governing families" growing fewer still, until they can be counted on less than the fingers of one hand, and enough could not be found a few weeks ago to fill four Cabinet positions, necessitating the putting there of two strangers with no interest in the country or knowledge of its people. We should dearly like to see this family arrangement broken up, and public affairs placed on a broad and liberal basis. But have not that lively faith in the government organ to believe in the actual existence of a condition which has not yet come to pass. We cannot believe words without sense. The insinuation that those who are opposed to the present "family government" are desirous of selling the independence of the country is as cowardly as false. Such contemptible reflections on honorable men recoil on the men who are so dishonorable as to make them. The *Advertiser's* puny effort in that quarter is like a mouse nibbling at an archangel's wing.

SUBTERRANEAN SPLENDORS.

VIEW OF THE WONDERFUL CAVERN
NEAR SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

San Antonio (Tex.), July 3.—Another chapter in the Robber's Cave romance was read to-day. It has been the intention to officially explore the cave ever since the discovery of portions of a skeleton, which was identified as that of Frank Harris. Harris was a young man living in the Helotes neighborhood, who was hand in glove with the Pitts-Brannon gang of outlaws. He was in love with Melissa Scott, who subsequently married Pitts, the leader of the gang. There was much existing jealousy between Harris and Pitts, and the former suit was disapproved by the Scotts, father and son.

On the 15th of September, 1884, Harris was seen in company of the two Scotts and Pitts. He was never seen again. On the discovery of his bones in the cave the Scotts, who were charged with his murder, saw a chain of circumstantial evidence riveted to them which, it is stated, they will have hard work in breaking.

While officers have been preparing to explore Harris' tomb, Justice Boerner of the Helotes Precinct has been carrying on a private investigation on his own account. He has kept his own counsel and gone ahead steadily with his work. To-day he showed up at the courthouse, looking mysteriously important and carrying under his arms a bulky package done up in wrapping paper. The officers gathered around him, and, like a peddler with his pack, he spread out his ghastly wares.

They were bones, and human bones, comprising portions of a badly fractured skull, broken ribs etc., being most of the missing links in the dead Harris' dead personality. Near the skeleton was found a heavy quilt, or riding whip, with a lead weighted handle. It may have been the property of the dead man, or may have been used in hammering out his brains. The ribs were doubtless broken in forcing the body down the very narrow chute, which, from an unsuspecting hole at the top, bends twenty feet downward into a subterranean cavity, which, in addition to the ghastly interests which the Harris death fastens upon it, and the fact that it was for years the refuge of one of the most desperate bands of criminals Texas has ever known, is a marvel of natural beauty. There was no light from above, and all the exploration was done by torches. Justice Boerner says that he did not see it all, does not know how far it extends, or what other entrances it may have. He, however, went carefully through three chambers, lost in the beauties overhead and around him, and splashing in the pools of icy water at his feet. It is one of the grandest formations of nature ever discovered by man. The chambers are connected by chiseled arches, as though a legion of workmen had fashioned them. The ceilings are of great height from the floor and the spaces are tremendous in extent.

"In one chamber," said Boerner, "you might stand an army of 10,000 men. The most remarkable fact connected with it is its utter seclusion. The unpromising exterior gives no indication of the marvelous beauty hidden within. A hole in the wall, it would be called, by any one glancing at it. One expansion of the passage is filled with a score or more of stalagmites from two to ten or twelve feet in height, grouped as so many monuments of the head; the sides and ceiling are of exquisite

workmanship, a fit setting to the solemn and beautiful scene within, which leads one to speak in low tones and tread softly as if on sacred ground. Upon the walls is suspended some drapery in stone that would be the admiration and despair of a sculptor. Double and triple folds of stalactite, a quarter of an inch in thickness and a yard wide, hang thirty feet, with no support except from above. Beyond this is perhaps the most beautiful grotto of all. Ceiling, walls and even floor, are covered with a fretwork of dazzling brightness, which reminds one of the finest work of the silversmith or the window work of the frost king at its best. Here and there ceiling and floor are united by columns as clear and transparent as crystal. A candle placed as far within one of these groups as the arm could reach illuminated a wonderful fairy power. Shining through all the rich drapery of stone there are tubular pillars of immense height and thickness. They are perfectly transparent—others are a cloudy white, and, under the shifting torches, lighted up with a thousand fires.

"In this vicinity also appear quantities of limestone, coral formation, great sheet formations, standing like leaves in a book, partly open, upright; many stalagmites, stalactites, pillars, pedestals and pinnacles of all lengths and thickness, and becoming more transparent the deeper you get down. Here, also, are seen on several sides arrays of tabular stalactite and stalagmite formations, resembling an immense church organ. I found at the distance of many yards the pinnacles, pedestals, columns, stalagmites, stalactites, more numerous and very brilliant as our lights were thrown upon them. In this vicinity the scene was beyond description, as stalagmites of the most delicate and transparent texture were in great abundance, and of every conceivable shape. Even delicate tubes, the thickness of lead pencils and three and four feet in length, when broken off were full of alkaline water, and cutting off pieces of stalagmites, with a hatchet the sparks would fairly fly, and on which every tune and sound could be heard. Many of the larger spaces there seen by me would reach from sixty to eighty feet in height and as much across. The caverns of Luray, in Virginia, or the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, are not a circumstance in beauty compared to the Helotes Cave."

There are also large caverns in the vicinity whose range and depth are unknown. There is no doubt that they were long used by members of the desperado's scattered band. They will all be explored, but there is enough material in "Robber's Cave" proper to keep officers busy for some time to come. If there are other victims of the pistol and knife, as there seems no reason to doubt, lying in its cavernous recesses they will be brought to daylight. The interest in this whole section now centers in "Robber's Cave," and the developments which may arise from a careful survey of its mysteries. Thorough and careful search will be made. Judge Boerner states that he was deterred from further examination partly from lack of facilities and partly from a nervous dread which he could not shake off, caused by the knowledge that he was walking among the haunts of dead men of crime, and of whose desperate tempers he had evidence in the whitened bones before him.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A HAVANA ROMANCE.

Among the men of a Spanish regiment sent to Havana about two years ago, was a certain young Galician, a raw recruit, who became a prey to the most intense form of nostalgia after a very brief sojourn in that lovely, but feverish land, which has already devoured more than 100,000 soldier lives. The young recruit's condition became desperate—then changed suddenly into catalepsy. All efforts to revive him proved useless; finally the physicians attempted to sustain life by forcing open the soldier's mouth and pouring milk into his stomach. The effort was successful; and life was maintained week after week by artificial means. But still the trance could not be broken. Six months passed, and the soldier had neither spoken nor moved. His limbs, inert but flexible, preserved any position into which they were thrown—he would remain sitting if placed in a sitting posture, or even standing, if perfectly balanced upon his feet; but otherwise he continued lifeless as a statue. After the lapse of one whole year there was no change in his condition. Fifteen months passed—eighteen months—an unprecedented phenomenon!

Then one of the attending physicians sent for a *muneira* (a popular stringed instrument peculiar to Northern Spain), and ordered a fellow-countryman of the patient to play some of the old mountain airs upon it. The effect of the music was like witchcraft; the fixed eyes brightened, the long-torpid muscles of the face began to quiver with such a trembling as the dead might feel at the first great summons of the resurrection. Astonished, the physician bade the musician continue; while another compatriot took the sufferer's unresisting hand and talked to him in the dialect of his own mountain village. He neither moved nor spoke, but the tears began to stream from his eyes so profusely that, fearing the result of too much emotion, the experiment was stopped. Then two days later the *muneira* was again brought in, and the signs of life increased with its playing; the face resumed its natural color, the gaze its intelligence, the brain its functions. And gradually, after many days of this musical healing, vital force returned, and the soldier, once more well and strong, was able to leave the hospital forever.

Needless to relate what a profound feeling this incident produced among the Spaniards of Havana—all of whom doubtless love their native land not less dearly than the simple soldier whose affection for it had so nearly condemned him to the grave, and who had been literally awakened from the death sleep by the voice of that land, speaking to him across the broad seas through the clumsy chords of a *muneira*. But these Spaniards have a charming and impulsive way of exhibiting sympathy; they do not merely utter words and extend hands. In this case they made the object of their interest a happy man—richer than most of his people at home, for he carries back with him to his mountain village the snug little sum of \$8,000—quite a fortune for any Galician peasant.

Spite of revolution, fever, bad government and financial loss, the bond that fastens Cuba to Spain will not be easily broken, it is a bond of flesh stronger than a tether of steel. Love is a better safeguard of the foreign interests of the mother country than are bayonets; and since the day when Spanish ladies in Cuba cut their beautiful hair to weave it into the portrait of a patriot, the affection of the Spanish colonists for Spain has lost none of its noble fire.—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

STRUCK BY A FALLING STAR.

As a gentleman, a well-known public official, was passing from St. James' Park into Fall Mall by the garden wall of Marlborough House, on Saturday last, at 4:15 in the afternoon, he suddenly received on the right shoulder a violent blow, accompanied by a loud crackling noise, which caused him great pain and to stumble forward as he walked. On recovering his footing, and turning around to see who had so unceremoniously struck him, he found that no one was on the pavement but himself and the policeman on duty at the park end of it. On reaching home the shoulder was submitted to examination, but nothing was at first discovered to account for the pain in it. But in a little while the servant who had taken away the coat to brush brought it back to point out that over the right shoulder the nap was pressed down flat in a long straight line, exactly as if a hot wire had been sharply drawn across the cloth. The accident is therefore explained as having been caused by the explosion of a minute falling star or meteor. It is an unprecedented and most interesting occurrence, and deserves, I think, to be placed on public record.—[London Times.

BEECHER IN LONDON.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher astonished a London audience by speaking from a specially built platform in Dr. Parker's church. The usual pepper-box pulpit was too cramped for him. Beecher was afterward entertained at the Metropolitan Hotel, Minister Phelps and many well-known Americans being present. The guest was in fine health and spirits, and made an eloquent speech, which was enthusiastically applauded. In concluding he proposed the toast, "The Anglican Pastorate," which was responded to by Canon Fleming and Rev. Messrs. Howes and Parker. Mr. Justice Matthews responded to the toast, "International Interchange." Eighty persons sat at the tables. Toasts to Queen Victoria and President Cleveland were proposed and responded to. Beecher, in replying to the toast to his health, gave an account of his own career. He said he rejoiced that he had lived to see all differences disappear between the North and South. He eulogized the missionary in the Southern States, and expressed the opinion that nowhere were the masses so conservative as in democratic and free countries. He also made a reference to Ireland. Mr. Beecher was to have delivered his first lecture at Exeter Hall on the 19th July, his subject being "The Reign of the Common People." The applications for seats were enormous.

UNAPPRECIATED CALLANTY.

Tom Corwin asserted one day in his committee room that it was never safe to interfere between husband and wife, and in support of his declaration narrated an instance which occurred when he was animated by the ardor and chivalry of youth. Traveling in a little-frequented rural district he came upon a cabin from behind which he heard the angry voice of a man mingled with the screams of a woman, and at regular intervals a bickery singling through the air as if well laid on. He rode round to get sight of the cause of all this clamor, when he saw a burly-looking fellow thrashing his wife like fury with a stick too formidable to be within the meaning of the statute. On seeing our friend the belligerent suspended, the "shower of timber" ceased to fall, and there was a great calm of a few moments' duration. The young man, whose wrath had suddenly

waxed hot against the cruel husband, cried out: "You brute! you rascal! throw down that stick, and don't touch that woman again, or I'll wear it out over your own carcass! you savage, you!" Who should respond to this valiant defiance but the injured lady herself. Turning her bloused hair out of her face and giving her list a portentious shake, she squallied out: "He's as good as you are, you gawky, good-for-nothing creeter, you!"

Badger—You said you spent your own money last night. Now, I find it was borrowed money. Simpson—Well, what of it? I never intend to pay it back, so it was just the same as my own money.—[N. Y. Graphic.

There will be a Meeting of Lodge Le Progrès, de l'Oratoire No. 134, F. & A. M., THIS WEDNESDAY EVENING, at 7:30 o'clock; 8th Degree. Visiting brothers in good standing are cordially invited. By order of the W. M., E. KISTLER, Secretary.
Honolulu, August 4, 1886. 1t

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At 10 A.M., at my Salesrooms, I will sell at Public Auction, a full line of

Dry Goods, Clothing,

Crockery, Glassware, Lamp Chimneys, Groceries, etc., Bags No. 1 Sugar, Maize Potatoes and Corn, Bags Family Flour, Cases Chicago Corn Beef, Coils Rope, Matting, 5 Cases Good Manila Cigars And various other Merchandise.

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Chairs, Tables, Book-case, Clothes Mangle, Stoves, Spring Mattress, &c.

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—ON—

Thursday Eve'g, Aug. 5th,

COMMENCING AT 8 O'CLOCK.

The Programme will consist of scenes from "MACBETH," "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," "SOLLOQUIES FROM HAMLET," "KING HENRY VIII.," and "MERCHANT OF VENICE." Also, a scene from Sheridan's "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL," and a celebrated English epic poem.

MISS PRESCOTT will also give selections from POE, HOLMES and WHITTIER, to conclude with a reading from the REVELATION OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE.

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Admission at the Door, 50 Cents.

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"Gentlemen,—It is with the greatest of pleasure I accord my testimony as to the efficacy of Mother Seigel's Syrup. My wife, who has suffered from acute Dyspepsia for over sixteen years, is now perfectly better through the sole help of your Syrup. I have sent pounds in medicines from doctors—in fact, I began to think she was incurable, until your marvellous medicine was tried.

I remain, yours, thankfully,
ALFRED FORD."

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Wonderful.

"Hilford Road Dispensary, Dukinfield, May 8, 1884.

"Dear Sir,—I am happy to inform you that the sale of your Syrup and Pills increases here continually. Several of my customers speak of having derived more benefit from the use of these than from any other medicine. In some instances the effects have been wonderful.

Yours very respectfully,
W. J. WOOD, EDWIN EASTWOOD, J.B."

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New Goods received by every Packet from the Eastern States and Europe. Fresh California Produce by every Steamer. All orders faithfully attended to, and Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. Island orders solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. Post Office Box 145. Telephone No. 92. 108 ly

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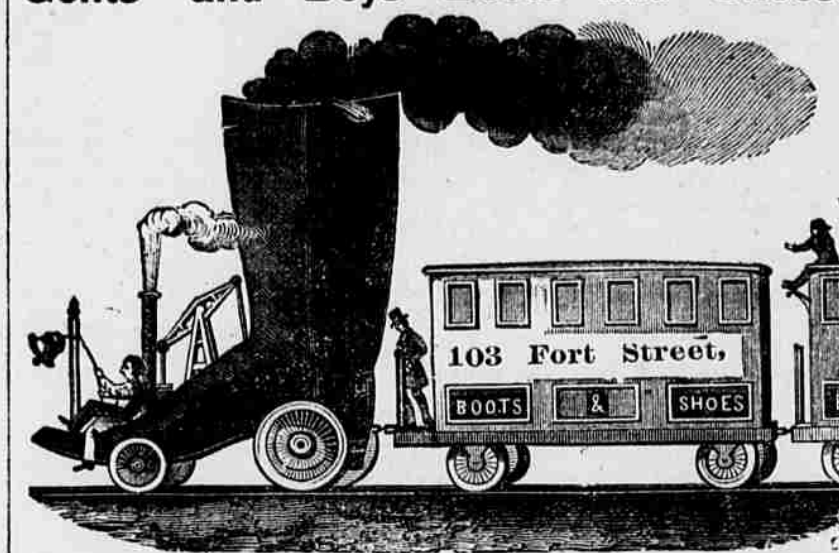
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Granite, Iron and Tin Ware!

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Private Family Hotel; Terms Reasonable; First-class Accommodations.

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NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that I have this day revoked my power of Attorney to Apai, dated 27th day of December, 1880, recorded liber 67, page 223, in Register Office, Honolulu.

SIN CHU.

Dated Honolulu, July 17, 1886. 81 1m